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V e r s e s





V e r s e s

BY

Mary Hayes Watson

II



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“**B**UT more than all, and through all these
should go—
Dear Lord, this on my knees!—I thank thee
for my friend.”



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Trained for Service

Yesterday

THE vanished yesterdays by one and one
Are welded in the golden chain of years
Life pulsates newly with each morning sun;
Each age its record holds of hopes and fears.
Out in that yesterday, God's voice was heard,
Chaos to order changed at His command,
Darkness and light obeyed His spoken word,
Perfect fulfilment of law, divinely planned.
Beneath God's smile came earth fruitage fair,
Creatures both small and great no discord knew,
Their plan and purpose, in God's care;
His perfect law forever in their view.
Paradise, God's gift of love, was set apart
For man in God's own image made and blest;
The broken law, a Father's grieved heart,
Man from the Blessed Presence sent bereft.
Then darkness fell, and strife was born,
Discord supplanted peace and veiled God's face,
With war and blood the soul of man was torn,
And Paradise, the Garden Perfect, lost to human race
The days as lengthened shadows sped away,
Time, ceaseless weaver, tossed the shuttle fast,
Thru earth's dark night, hope shone with clearest ray,
The age of war and strife must cease at last,
Above Judea's plain, night stars shone clear,
The weary shepherds slept upon the ground,
The night wind ebbed to silence, the Angel Choir appear
A radiance and splendor filled earth and sky around.
Fear not, oh heart of man, rejoice and sing,
For unto you this day in Bethlehem's lowly manger
Is born the Prince of Peace, your Savior, King,

P e r s e s

Who from God's throne, has come to earth, a stranger,
Emmanuel, God with us, on earth to dwell,
The night of sin and sorrow fade away,
Sing out, oh angel host the message newly tell
Christ, Sun of Righteousness, brings man a fair new day
Awake, oh soul, sing praises glad and sweet,
Today, the golden hours rich freightage bear,
Lay selfish thoughts and aims down at the Savior's feet
Yield life and duty to His tender care.

Today

MANKIND, the heir of ages, today is thine,
Halt not or falter at the noonday heat;
The dawn is past, soon will the sun decline,
Put on thy strength, each duty bravely meet.
Into each throbbing day of busy hand and brain,
Go forth to valiant service for the King of Kings.
The Master's call across the years comes clear again,
Sweet hope of life eternal to tired hearts it brings.
"Follow me" the sin cursed world holds grief and pain,
"My yoke is easy and my burden light" the message blest
"Forsake thy nets" eternal life and joy is thine to gain
"Come unto me" ye weary ones and sweetly rest.
The fishermen of Gallilee obeyed the call,
Entered the Master's school, His way to learn and do,
Forsook their nets, their common lives and all
To train for service and become disciples true.
Christ, Royal Master, we would walk with Thee
And in thy living presence, train for service sweet
As did thy chosen ones of old, beside Lake Gallilee
When they learned life's sacred lesson, at thy feet.
Church of the living God, heed now the Savior's voice,
The sons of earth, today, sin's pathway tread.
Reclaim the lost, teach them the righteous choice,
Fill hungering souls, with Christ, the living Bread.

P e r s e s

Hark: an answering voice, rings over hill and plain,
It is the Student army training to serve the King,
Thru study of God's word, knowledge and power to gain,
To vanquish hosts of evil their lives and efforts bring.
Volunteers for Christ, we firmly stand
No drafted soldier in the rank or battle front appears
Trained to loyal service by "Captain Gilliland."
We lay aside all doubts and fears
Armed with God's word, our sword and shield,
The Prince of Peace leads in the upward way.
Sin, death and wrong before the truth must yield
And man, redeemed, lives in a brighter day.
Youth, manhood, age, their loving tribute bring,
Vigor, faith and patience add to the Master's cause,
Casting no backward looks on fleeting earthly things,
Ready to do God's will, obey and keep his laws.

Tomorrow

THE shadows longer grow, life's day is done,
Oh, unseen Christ, whose love has blessed our way,
Be with us in the twilight, Thou Holy One,
And lead our faltering steps into the radiant day.

P e r s e s

Fellowship

(Dedicated to Fellowship Club, Bloomington Y. W. C. A.)

FROM office, mart and mill
Our girls have felt a thrill
'Tis fellowship with Christ;
We rise to dare and do
And make our lives ring true,
Thru fellowship with Christ.

On to noble deeds,
On to meet life's needs,
See, our Master, Jesus, leads the way,
We'll consecrate our powers
And plan our busy hours,
Thru fellowship with Christ.

Life's duties we will meet
And evil we'll defeat
Thru fellowship with Christ.
Before our vision lies
A four fold purpose wise
Thru fellowship with Christ.

Then with courage strong,
Pass the word along,
Naught can ere dismay or make us fear
We'll work and pray and praise
A noble standard raise,
Thru fellowship with Christ.

P e r s e s

Come sisters, one and all,
And heed the urgent call,
Of fellowship with Christ.
A nobler sisterhood,
For grander womanhood,
Thru fellowship with Christ.

God will lead the way,
To a grander day
Press with courage onward to the prize;
Remember He is near
Our faltering steps to cheer
Thru fellowship with Christ.

Beside Still Waters

THE way is long, my Father, hold thou my hand,
Rough stones and hidden brambles bruise my feet,
My heart grows faint and weary as I meet
New problems hard to understand.

Thou are beside me, Father, when my tired heart complains,
Thou leadest me where cooling brooks run clear,
Thy voice thru nature speaks of hope and cheer
And bids me rest, on green and pleasant plains.

Give me strength, my Father, for each new day,
Let gentle patience bring her cooling balm,
To burning heart's desire giving peace and calm
Easing the weary way.

Grant faith and hope, my Father, teach me thy will,
Thru deeds of loving kindness let me grow
Patient, sweet and strong, thy voice to know
When saying, "Peace, be still."

Nodak
Picture

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Life's Day

LIKE as the leaves of grass do quickly fade,
So man, of woman born, lives his brief span,
His pulseless clay within earth's arms is laid.
Soul, freed, to God ascends, fulfilling plan,
Thus do the age bowed pilgrims step aside
For eager hearted youth to forward press
'Tis God, Eternal Father, whoever doth abide
Amidst all change of human storm and stress.
The full crowned years, stand as the ripened grain
Today's rich store to feed tomorrow's throng.
All earth born loss to Heaven's richer gain
The Father who creates can do no wrong,

Then to life's closing day, may faith attend
To give a peace divine when come the end.

Morning

FATHER, at this, the dawn of day,
We bow our heads and humbly do we pray
To keep and bless us thru the busy care-filled day
And grant us grace and love to guide us all the way.

V e r s e s

Evening

DEAR Father, we, thy children come
At eventide when tasks are done
And for thy constant, loving care
With gratitude our voices raise in prayer.
Keep thou our feet from wandering and from sin
Keep thou our hearts both faithful and sincere;
Teach us to know thy voice above discordant din
And by our lives show forth our mission here.

Golden Wedding

SUNSET shadows on the prairie
Merge to twilight, soft and gray,
Night in quiet benediction
Follows busy care-filled day
Yesterday, today, tomorrow
Grow to busy happy years
Sweet the memory of past blessings,
In the golden light appears.

H e r s e s

Rosemary

OUR yesterdays, how far away they seem,
Our brief todays are filled with work and cares
While our tomorrows have the golden gleam
Of mystery which the future ever bears.
Thus by the sum of many yesterdays
The precious years are made a golden chain,
Dear memories in the heart sweet incense raise
And hallow childhood's happy days again.

The city marts are filled with hurried throngs
The hum and roar of traffic fills the air
The brave heart weary grows and longs
To see again, the green hills fresh and fair.
My comrade of the true and loyal heart
Come let us rest awhile beside the way,
Just put aside our cares and go apart
Into the land of Love's young, carefree day.

A smooth greensward beneath the maple tree
A picket fence made high and painted white
A group of little children gay and free
Are playing in the golden sunshine bright.
Up from the gate a brick walk winds
Past clumps of dainty blue bells in the grass
And dear old fashioned flowers of all kinds
Nod in a stately manner as we pass.

We pluck a spray of Rosemary, fragrant, cool and green,
Ah! how the perfume sweet comes back today
And calls again the peaceful pleasant scene
We see the small, low shed with mossy eaves
Where dainty hop bells rang their fairy chimes

V e r s e s

And hid amongst the closely sheltering leaves
A box for letters which we wrote sometimes,
The tree clad hills, the little running brook,
The meadow and the pasture fresh and green
The picnics and the pleasant walks we took
Are pictures that in memory's hall are seen.

When Ruth Went Away

THE busy work-filled school year nears its close
Vacation's settled quiet, broods in vacant halls
The constant daily grind to silence, ebbs away,
And all the happy outdoor life with voice insistent calls.
For just a little while along the pleasant way
Our paths of work and joy did with your own unite
The bond of sweetest friendship stronger grew each day
Your loving heart brought to us true delight.
The voice of duty calls you down to sunny Tennessee
Our sister, friend, our Ruth so loyal, tender and true
The sun kissed prairies of old Illinois hold dearest thoughts,
Mayhap this little gift will bring them oft to you.

V e r s e s

Your Birthday

“**P**ANSIES for thoughts,” the poet says,

If all the thoughts in all the world
Were sweet and kind and true,
I’m sure I’d gather a bouquet
And send it straight to you.
But as for sweetness, it is true
We buy it by the pound
But loyal friends are good as gold
Are not so quickly found.
So just accept these “sweets” and thoughts
And greet life with a smile
You’ve reached another New Year’s Day,
And passed another mile.

Patron’s Club

(Douglas School.)

IN the heart of a mother lay buried deep
A hope that was beautiful, strong and sweet;
In the dew and the sun of each daily task
This wee little hope clung sure and fast.
Sheltered by love and by faith daily fed,
This tiny hope sprouted and lifted its head.
Then the mother of one to the many did say
“The hope of the future must be guarded today.
Let us band now together for woe or for weal
Give pledge of our time and our thoughtful zeal
Let us build for tomorrow a schoolhouse fair,

V e r s e s

Where all boys and girls have their rightful share;
Their share of the best that the great world holds
Treasures far greater than gems or gold;
A chance to test, to try, to prove
The facts of life, and work, and love.
Where they'll grow in stature and win their place
Thro' hand, heart and brain in life's strenuous race
The old order changeth; old things pass away
New duties demand new methods today
All fathers and mothers! All friends of the race
Join hands in an effort a new road to trace
Arouse ye, and harken, tomorrow will tell
How wisely ye builded, how safely and well.
While truth, right and justice emblazon our shield,
We go forth to conquer, nor yet will we yield;
Where ignorance, squalor and bleak, sordid greed
Rob boyhood and girlhood of life's holiest need
We will fight for our altars, our faith and our love,
For our hopes that are dear as the treasures above,
Our hope of a life unhampered by wrong,
Our hope of a chance to be nobler and strong,
Our hopes that are watered with prayers and with tears,
Our hopes that bear fruit with the fast passing years
Arouse ye, ye fathers, ye mothers, ye friends!"
Give voice to this hope a new future portends."
Thus the heart of a mother with hope buried deep
Kindled hearts of her neighbors and roused them from sleep.
United they stood, hand to hand, heart to heart,
The great hope was cherisheled and fed from the start,
The vision enlarged as the days rolled along;
And honest desire made it sturdy and strong.
Now the hope is a fact and the building assured,
The Patron's Club knows of hard trials endured.
May God bless the future, its visions and plans;
And bless the true hearts that loyally stand,
That stand for the best in the future to be,
And mark out a highway untrameled and free.
God bless all the patrons. Three cheers we repeat,
God bless their true purpose and make it complete.

V e r s e s

Vacation

SUMMER days with scorching rays
Which cause increased vexation,
Demand a change and larger range
Of course this means vacation.
So off we sail across the blue
Where breezes fresh are blowing
There fevered brow and weary brain
A respite sweet are knowing.

The Woods at Maukazoo

OH, good and grand old earth of ours,
blest with thy fruitage fair
O'erhung with deep toned azure and wind
built billows held aloft.
Thy fleet winged hours which bore
naught of sordid care
Hold record of gay pleasure jaunts
with fadeless memories fraught.

The Sabbath quiet of a perfect summer day
Hushes our wearied hearts and brains to rest-
ful calm.
The burdens of our busy yesterdays,
forgotten slips away
Where woodland shadows hold a breath of
healing balm.

V e r s e s

There in the cloistered silence,
'neath gray beech and rugged oak
The truant sunbeams touch long
shadows gray and cool;
Softly the west wind whispers
secrets to shy woodland fairy folk;
The wood thrush sings his plaintive
note beside the pool.

Adown the dim cathedral aisles of
columned stately trees
Moss bordered winds the road
thru brakes and flowers.
Spicy woodland odors as from censor
swung, calls us to our knees,
Awakens cherished hopes, a deep
desire in these cold hearts of ours.

The brooding silence, the quiver of
a birdsong clear and sweet
Shuts out the burdened yesterdays
of pain and strife;
Here in this forest temple, our
Father's God we meet,
And face with hearts renewed in strength,
our daily round of life.

P e r s e s

At Home in Vacation

THIS is the house by the side of the road,
Nestled down 'neath the shade of the trees,
Here from labor and care, and heartwearing load,
I quaff health from the cool summer breeze.

As a grand forest prince erect in his prime
Withstanding fierce elements, battle and shock,
The old maple stands as a sentinel sublime
And the leaves breathe soft secrets as they rock,
and they rock.

The struggle for bread, the fierce clamor and strife
The throb and the pain of the great city's heart
In the distance grows dim and the murmur of life
Grows tranquil and hushed in this silence apart.

Thru the hot afternoons, watching sunlight and sunlight and shade
As across the smooth greensward the cool shadows steal,
A drowsy peace comes as a gentle hand laid
And jaded nerves know that vacation is real.

Yes, pastoral beauties with their infinite calm
Smooth, caress and restore weary body and brain,
Just enough of diversion without spice of harm
Have shut from the memory the problems and pain.

The stars in the sky like kind angel eyes
Look down from the glory of Heaven above,
The world sinks to sleep, the day softly dies
The night wind sings gently, God, the Father, is Love.

P e r s e s

The Garden of Dreams

THE garden of dreams, oh heart of my heart,
Lieth far in the valley of peace,
There the clear golden sunshine as mellow old wine
To the weary heart brings sweet release.

In the garden of dreams, oh heart of my heart,
The perfume is fragrant and rare
The call comes to soul to dwell here apart
Where enchantment and dreams fill the air.

The garden of dreams, oh heart of my heart,
With its songs and its love-laden air
Holds nothing of charm nor claimeth my soul
'Till the light of my life cometh there.

Oh, heart of my heart! ere the long shadows fall,
Across the gray landscape of life's closing day
Hand in hand, heart to heart, may we answer the call
And share love's rich treasure forever and aye.

P e r s e s

Life has not reached its full allotted span
Thy finite vision catches but a gleam,
God holds the finished, perfect plan
How can you read tomorrow's golden dream?
Give to Earth's children of thy heart's best power
Vain joys of sense by deeper loves replace
God watches with a firm abiding love each passing hour
Doubt not your heart, but choose to see God's face.

Oh God of Life, outside the gate I humbly stand
My hot rebellious heart bows low, contrite
My soul gropes in the darkness for thy guiding hand
Lead thou my trembling soul into the clearer light.
Give me the measure for tomorrow's needs
Grant wisdom, love and peace my path to trace.
Let patience have her perfect work in kindly deeds
And may I grow in likeness thru thy matchless grace.

Little Son

ABOVE thy tiny crib I bow my head,
My heart abrim with yearning love the while,
I catch a glimpse of heaven as thy precious eyes meet mine
And paradise once more is real through thy dear, trusting
smile.

I marvel, as I brood and love, and call you mine,
So tiny, helpless, all dependent on my watchful care,
My heart enraptured, thrills to music of the spheres,
My mother soul has entrance to Love's garden fair.

The power that lies within thy crumpled roseleaf hands,
Oh! little son of mine, so newly come from God's white
throne.

How shall I rightly guide and wisely shape thy will
Thru added days and years till thou to man's estate hast
grown?

I stand in awe, enfolded in deep tenderness divine,
The hidden ways of truth unlocked to love, the key,
My eager eyes alight, my heart asearch
Will find and keep, God's holy will for thee.

The door of pain and motherhood swung open at thy touch,
Heart of my heart, breath of my soul, asleep upon my breast,
The gates of Paradise swung open on a common day,
Oh little son, the precious boon of love made manifest.

Life with its duties takes new form since you are here
Clear, holy fires, have been kindled in thy father's heart and
mine,
The incense of nobility, love and truth rise as a sacrifice
With love and adoration to a power divine.

P e r s e s

Not for the wealth of earth, its pomp, its pride, its pain,
Not for ambitious fires alone would we thy future trace,
Not for the empty pleasures soon grown dull and vain
But with God's love and care help you to find your place.

Striving to train thy life with purpose pure and true,
Striving for growth to fit in God's great earthly plan.
Striving that stature you may yet obtain and grow to be
Earth's rarest gift, a noble, Godlike man.

God, keep us close, in our great longing to be true to Thee,
Guide us as parents to be led by pure desires,
Give patient love and wisdom to guard from stain of sin
And light within his precious soul, thine altar fires.

With thy unfailing love enfold us in Thy dear embrace,
Help us to give him to the world, strong, Christlike, free.
A prince of men, in deed and word and truth,
Because mind, heart and life are firmly fixed on Thee.

The Home Nest

SUNRISE and morning,
Life's day begun,
Twilight and starshine
Life's day is done
Home light and hearth side,
Love holds the key,
Heart weary Pilgrim
Here is sweet rest for Thee.



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